

MONDAIN - Bill Skarsgård by TessLarose

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Summary: "Do you have a cigarette ?" Like emerging from a dark storm, his green eyes met mine. "Sure." He was fucking hypnotic. Holding his cigarette between his lips, he reached into the pocket of his felt coat. I shivered as his long and pale fingers touched mine, handing me the pack. Bill Skarsgård (RPF) Longer summary inside.
Warnings: sex, drugs

1. Chapter 1

On the last day of her trip to Stockholm, Adele, a 22 year old American, goes out with her friends to celebrate. Ending the night in a very select club, she notices a very tall and brown-haired man. Smoking alone outside the bar, he seems lost dark thoughts. Adele is instantly fascinated by his magnetic beauty. And those troubled green eyes, she feels like she has already seen them somewhere, but when? What she is sure of is that she is irredeemably attracted to him. Quite tipsy and wrongfully convinced there is no way they'll ever meet again, Adele decides to risk everything and joins him for a cigarette. However, she is unaware that, aside from being gorgeous, this man is also immensely notorious and that this nightly encounter will leave an indelible mark on both their hearts.

Warnings: Sex, drugs

Hi! I'm Tess and this is my first ever fanfic. I've read dozens but never got the chance to write one myself. I study in French literature, French being my mother tongue (so never be afraid to correct my grammar by leaving a comment!) I've always written a lot, usually for myself but I'm really excited to share this story with you guys. I've been quite obsessed with Bill Skarsgard lately and, when I thought of this narrative, I decided it was worth writing. As you'll see if you go further in this pseudo-swedish adventure, the next (first) chapter is pretty short. I'll post a longer one soon and it should be quite interesting..

Thank you for your time!

-Tess xx

2. Chapter 2

Holding the scissors in one hand and brown locks of hair in the other, I was standing by the sink in my underwear. Staring at myself in the mirror, I was slowly getting used to this new reflect. I shook my head, flipping my hair, and had a satisfied grin. God! I really rocked those bangs! They looked sexy!

Very excited and proud, I reached for my roll neck sweater laying on the room's tiny bed. The navy blue sweater matched my eyes and made my lips look redder. The thin fabric tightly covered my small breasts and waist. The wool soon warmed my skin. Autumn nights were cold in Stockholm. Slipping into a black and flared denim skirt, I stared back at the mirror. That skirt ended above the knees, showing off my legs. Unable to decide to either put my hair up or let it down, I finally opted for a high bun.

I checked the time on my phone and inhaled nervously. There was no time left for self-admiration. My friends would be here any minute. I quickly put my burgundy boots on and collected the remaining locks of hair from the sink. I placed the scissors back in my suitcase and, pushing on the lid, I zipped it. After having put all my luggage by the door, I sat on the bed and exhaled, pensive. I looked around me, contemplating this small space that had been mine for a month and that I would definitely leave the next day. Sophisticately decorated, as any Swedish household (or literally any place for that matter,) this apartment really had been perfect for me. Empty of all my belongings as it now was, the tiny room did not look so cramped anymore. Lost in thought, I absent-mindedly gazed at the city lights through the window. This trip truly had been life-changing. Despite the warnings and discouragements I had faced back in the States, my decision to leave for a month on my own was the best I had ever made. And I had never truly been on my own in Stockholm.

Alicia and Ebba's voices resonated in the hallway. I looked at my phone again. 20:00. These two were never late. I felt so lucky I had been able to rely on them during my trip. The Swedes are known to be rather shy and to have closed social circles. However, even if I had always felt a little introverted myself, I was good at making friends. I

had met the two Swedish girls on the first days of my trip at a cafe. Instantly excited to make an exotic friend, they had been amazing to me ever since, showing me around the city and introducing me to the Swedish way of living. From the basis of Swedish language to the tradition of the *fika*, the national coffee break, I had learned a lot from them.

There was a knock on the door. This was it. My very last hours in Sweden. As I turned the handle, I promised myself to make the most of this night. Little did I know.

Pretty short, isn't it? I don't usually enjoy small chapters but this one was mostly meant to set the mood.. There is a much longer one coming soon!

Love,

Tess xx

3. Chapter 3

-*Hej!* cheered Alicia as I opened the door. Ready for the night of your life? Wow, your hair! It looks amazing! she shouted with her strong accent.

Ebba greeted me with a kiss.

- Yeah, nice haircut Adele. Where did you get it?

- I did it myself! I can't believe it turned out that good, I admitted proudly. I wanted some change before flying back.

- Well done! You look stunning! responded Alicia.

- You too, as always..

Taking a look at my friends, I immediately felt stupid in my skirt and boots. Like most Swedes, Alicia and Ebba did not only have this unique euro sleek style but they were also drop dead gorgeous. Alicia was wearing a long sleeve gray dress with shoulder pads along with brown leather heels. Her blonde hair, unfastened, cascaded down her chest, partly covering her generous and sophisticated cleavage. Ebba, for her part, had gone for an androgynous look, rocking a buttoned up white shirt, a khaki tweed jacket and skinny jeans. With her pixie haircut and square glasses, she looked like she was straight out of a magazine. Being stylish, in a vintage and yet ultra modern fashion, as well as being incredibly beautiful seemed to be part of Sweden's national identity.

- I can't believe this, said Ebba with a sad smile, derailing my train of jealous thoughts. We're saying goodbye tonight.

Hearing these words, I felt a sudden pain in my chest.

- Oh please don't be like that! reproved Alicia. Let's not ruin this! Adele is only leaving at noon tomorrow and, until then, we have the entire night to celebrate! We'll make sure she never forgets Stockholm!

- You already know I never will, I murmured, moved.

- I know *min älskling*, she smiled, come on now, it's not time for tears. Take your stuff and let's go!

As I grabbed my backpack and suitcase, I took a last glance at the apartment.

- Isn't she sleeping here tonight? asked Ebba, visibly confused.

- None of us are sleeping tonight, sweetheart! I hoped that would be clear for everyone at this point! Plus, there is no way we're coming back here, it's too far from both downtown and the airport. We'll leave Adele's luggage in your car and you two can come finish the night at my place. And we can drive our little American back to the airport in the morning!

- But I have class tomorrow morning! I need to be in bed at 2am tops ...

Locking the door, I slipped the key under the carpet. As we walked away, I turned my attention back to my friends' conversation which promised to be entertaining.

- Oh sorry! Madame Ebba Lindberg has got to get an education! declared Alicia with a theatrical bow. How dare I forget that she is better than us?

- *Tik!* Some people actually have to study and work to make a living! We can't all rely on our rich dads to provide for our every needs, she added with a mischievous smile.

- *Touché*, I murmured, acting as the arbitrator.

- *Dra åt helvete*, it's not because you're poor that you have to be fucking boring!

- Ouch! I gasped. You guys really have a weird way of loving each other.

- Whatever. Ebba can return to her books while you and me party until morning!

Even if the mood was still playful, I was really hoping we could reach

the car before the verbal sparring would degenerate, making room for physical assault. As I was having this reflexion, Ebba evilly pushed Alicia, who nearly fell, and ran away in the parking lot hysterically yelling:

- The last one to get to the car pays the first shooters!

I followed her, giggling and running as fast I as my suitcase and bag allowed it.

- What are you, 5 year olds? snapped Alicia still far behind. I'm wearing heels you know! Fuck this, I always end up paying for you girls anyways, she surrendered with an exasperated exaltation.

The music I had been dancing to for the last hours pulsed in my ears, a chaotic buzzing. After having visited half a dozen clubs, all three of us were now highly intoxicated. I almost stumbled down the sidewalk as we were drunkenly making our way through small crowds gathered in front of bars. Ebba caught me by the arm, preventing me from falling on the ground. I giggled as she pulled me towards her, taking me by the hand and interlacing our fingers. Before my eyes, the world seemed to beat at the rhythm of my heart. Keeping me from thinking straight, the music was so loud in my head and it made me feel untouchable. I fukin' loved Stockholm!

Alicia, who had been walking ahead of us, waited for Ebba and me on a street corner. I thought I heard her so humbly complain about being sick of turning heads on her way. I laughed out loud this time which triggered general mirth. Alicia affectionately put her arm around my waist as we crossed the street. As I got squeezed between my friends, a warm sensation spread from my chest across my whole body. It felt like love was flowing inside my veins. The night's freezing air filled my lungs as I inhaled deeply but the fire in my heart only grew stronger. I was invincible. My limbs were feeling very heavy but I had the sensation I could fly. Looking up to the sky, I was mesmerized by the bright lights dancing in the dark. The idea of laying down on the cold concrete to admire the stars, to stay that way forever, crossed my mind but I decided not to succumb to the temptation.

- Where are we going again? mumbled Ebba.

I wanted to answer but as I opened my mouth, I found myself unable to remember.

- To this very chic club! I've been a couple times, it's really the freshest place in town.

The word "freshest" made me smile. Was that even an actual adjective?

- I heard Alexander Skarsgård and his brothers often go there when they are in Stockholm.

- Alexander who? I asked.

- Skarsgård, said my friends with one voice.

- He's a Swedish actor, specified Ebba.

- And a hunk! added Alicia.

- And way too old for you! Why are we finishing the night at this club, if it is so select? said Ebba, returning to the subject matter. We look like shit now, she grumbled, discouraged.

- Speak for yourself, rectified Alicia. I feel gorgeous!

- Damn right you do! Not an hour ago you were heading towards the bathroom begging me to come hold you hair.

- Well I didn't puke in the end and I feel way better now.

- Whatever you say. This is my last stop though, I really need to leave after this one.

- Yeah, I agreed. It's the last one.

- Deal!

We stopped at a beautifully carved wooden door. At its bottom, we could see colorful lights tracing patterns on the ground as if escaping from the dance hall. Vibrating to the roaring sound of the electronic music, the wood looked as if it was ready to explode at any time,

perhaps shattered by a beast claiming its freedom.

- *Det blir 200 kronor per person*, snarled the imposing bouncer guarding the door.

Understanding he was referring to an entry fee, I reached into my purse.

- Don't worry about it, it's for me, said Alicia handing an impressive number of bank bills to the tall man. After all, I am the one who dragged you here. I'm sure you won't regret it, she smiled as the bouncer opened the door for us.

The electrifying beat invaded my ears as the abundant smoke filled my lungs. The lights were dizzying. I could hardly see Alicia, not a meter away from me. She wove our way through the bunched up bodies seemingly convulsing to the music's pulse. The atmosphere was overwhelming.

- What are you having? shouted Alicia as we finally reached the victorian bar.

- I'm good, said Ebba. I'm driving.

- I'll get whatever you have, I yelled.

- Två absolut vodka!

- Oh my God, girls! That's Katia Winter! squealed Ebba, gazing at a blond woman across the room.

I did not recognize her. Probably a local celebrity, I thought.

- Quit staring! You're making us look like fuckin groupies, scolded Alicia covering her face with her manicured hands for a second.

Gazing at us, she added with a proud smile:

- I told you this place was cool.

We emptied our shot glasses, banging them against the wooden counter.

- Now, let's dance! said Alicia in my ear, dragging us into the crowd.

The place was so cramped and I was loving it. Anonymously drowned in the mass, I felt free. All pressed against each other, we were dancing wildly. I had the sensation of entering a trance as I was shaking my head frenziedly. My hands were moving above the crowd in an ungraceful manner, no doubt, but I felt beautiful. I closed my eyes and let the alcohol and music take me into a dreamlike world. When I opened them, minutes later, I saw Alicia passionately dancing with a young man. I could identify him, though the flashing lights. He had dark hair and was very muscular. They were licentiously rubbing themselves against one another. I nudge Ebba still dancing besides me. Raising an eyebrow, I gave her a knowing smile as she turned around.

- I know! she mouthed, ecstatic, still moving her hips to the music's beat.

- Looks like she's made herself a friend, I chuckled.

Unable to keep my eyes off the love birds, I stared shamelessly for a minute. They were looking so hot, both of them gorgeous and gazing at each other with lust. The urge to empty my bladder suddenly pulled me out of this state of admiration.

- I gotta go to pee, I said in Ebba's ear.

She nodded and I began my laborious journey to the lady's room. Struggling to get through the crowd, I finally reached the door with the woman pictogram. The bathroom, which had red walls and cool neon art, was as cramped as the dance floor. A dozen beautifully dressed rich-looking women were gathered in front of the large mirror, touching up their makeup. Exiting the cabin, I made my way to the sink. In the mirror, my eyes shone under the neon lights, bluer than ever. *Sniff*. The sound of a loud inspiration resonated in the room. To my right, a lady wiped her nose with her thumb and handed a rolled bank bill to her friend. The other woman bended over the counter, inhaling a line of white powder. *Sniff*. I gasped, shocked. None of the sophisticated beauties seemed to mind me nor the snorting of cocaine, all absorbed by their own reflection in the looking glass.

What the fuck, I thought as I nervously left the room. On my way back, I bumped into a short guy. Apologizing in Swedish, I meant to walk away but he grabbed my arm.

- *Hej min älskling*, he said lewdly, pulling me towards him.

I could smell alcohol in his breathe, now caressing my cheek. Frankly more annoyed than scared, I tried freeing myself from his drunk grip but he didn't let go.

- *Dansa med mig, skönhet*, he begged, putting his free hand on my thigh.

- No! I shouted, feeling his fingers moving up my skirt.

As I was getting ready to kick his balls, furious, his hands suddenly left my body. I took me a moment to understand what was going on. Coming out of nowhere, another man had grabbed his shoulder, pulling him off me. The newcomer was very tall and quite young from what I could tell. His skin was pale, his brown hair brushed back in a slick fashion. His jawline and cheekbones were beautifully chiseled. Forgetting that I had been nearly assaulted, I was lost in contemplation for a second.

- *Lämna den här unga kvinnan ensam*, he ordered with a calm yet cold tone.

Whatever he said, his voice made my belly clench. In his mouth, svenka sounded so seductive. The stranger's eyes were glowing with determination, his lips pressed in a threatening pout. Maintaining my assailant away from me, he was firmly holding him by the collar. His large hand was strongly tighten around the man's shirt, pulling it upwards. Shifting my attention back on the drunk jerk, I was filled with animosity once again. I had been meaning to make my own justice and this stranger had prevented me from it. As gorgeous as he might have been, I considered his intervention uncalled for, keeping me from the dischargement of anger I felt entitled to. The aggressor being already handled, I redirected my bitterness towards this mysterious man.

- I can take care of myself, thank you very much, I snapped, glaring

at him.

Turning to me, he had a subtle smile but his eyes remained ice-cold, hinting at his irritation. Slowly closing his eyelids, he let out an annoyed sigh. He suddenly raised both hands in an apologetic gesture, simultaneously dropping the man who landed on the floor with a thud. Dressed in elegant wool pants, his long legs indifferently stepped over the body. Briefly brushing his arm against mine as he went past me, he bended over slightly in a polite bow.

- *Madam*, he greeted me with a sarcastic grin, already walking away from the scene.

Watching this beautiful man disappear in the crowd, which had gathered in a small circle around us, I realized how incredibly stupid I was. Probably not wanting anything to do with my pathetic self anymore, my feelings of invincibility, courage and anger had walked away with him and I was left with a burning sensation of shame. He had just tried to help me. I was such a fool.

As the other man was clumsily getting up, grunting, I considered kicking him back onto the ground. However, my anger had vanished and I didn't really care about him anymore. Plus, taking a look around us, it was obvious that we had already made enough of a scene. I walked away as fast as I could, firmly pushing strangers out of my way. My long strides soon brought me back to Ebba, waiting by herself at the bar.

- What happened to you? You look like you've seen a ghost!

Luckily she hadn't witness the altercation. My brain was foggy and I didn't really know where to start.

- These girls were snorting cocaine in the bathroom and..

- You took cocaine?! she gasped, mesmerized.

- No, some women did and then this man tried to get under my skirt! And there was this other man who grabbed him by the collar, God he was hot! Then everybody was staring and I yelled at him for no reason, and I think he's mad at me now, I confessed in an utterly

confused manner. I didn't want him to be mad, I shouldn't have yelled, I whispered sadly.

- Damn, and you were only gone five minutes! You girl sure don't lose your time, she chuckled. Seriously, are you O.K. now?

- Yeah. Is Alicia still here?

- I don't know, she smirked. See for yourself...

Turning around, I identified Alicia's long blond hair in the midst of the crowd. It was truly all I could see of her. Her face was buried in the neck of her new lover. His hands were alternately caressing her back and grabbing her possessively. She really didn't seem to be complaining but, then, she was very intoxicated.

- Good God! I gasped as they exchanged a passionate kiss.

- Yep.

- Do you think we should intervene? I mean, she is quite drunk..

- Yeah.. I'm not sure. I'm scared she'll rip my head off if I try separating them. I think we should just keep an eye on her.

I nodded in agreement.

- Oh Adele! I love that song! squealed my friend with excitement.

The voice of Lykke Li had filled the room. Before I knew it, we were back on the dance floor. Putting our hands in the air, we sang along, ecstatic. *I, I follow! I follow you deep sea baby!* As I was shaking my head and whipping my hair, my eyes suddenly meet his. The beautiful stranger. Standing across the bar with a couple of his friends from what I could tell, he was gazing at me. He didn't seem disgusted at my sight, as he might have been considering the ruthless way I had treated him. No, his eyes were unreadable. The thought that he just liked watching me dancing crossed my mind. I blushed. As soon as I noticed him, he looked away. I stood still for a couple seconds, blinking. Had I just imagined this? Progressively, I started moving again, turning my attention back to my friend. Unable to forget what I had just witnessed, I went on dancing with Ebba, taking

her hands. It only took seconds, before I could feel the man's eye on my neck again. I didn't even have to look at him, I knew he was staring. *I, I follow! I follow you dark doom honey!* sang Lykke Li. I smiled subtly. My cheeks were burning. After a moment of hesitation, I decided to take advantage of the situation. I really had nothing to lose, I was all-powerful. As seductive as I could be, I started rolling my hips suggestively. I opened my lips and closed my eyes in an euphoric expression. I could feel the warmth of his gaze on me.

Pass this on by The Knife was now filling our ears. *I'm in love your brother, What's is name?* desperately asked the singer. Noticing the sudden change in my attitude, Ebba eliminated the distance between us by taking a step closer. I saw a spark of determination rise in her shiny eyes. Our fingers still intertwined, she put my arms behind her neck. Her skin was soft. Separating our hands, she slid hers on my waist. A little uncomfortable, I gazed at her, a silent interrogation. She smiled reassuringly. It's just for fun, she seemed to mean. However, I could see apprehension in her eyes, maybe the fear that I would push her away. I didn't.

Knowing all too well that the stranger's eyes were laid on us, I brought our bodies even closer. Shamelessly dancing, pressed up against her, I dared to glance in his direction. He didn't look away this time. His eyes were dark. As I deliberately bit my lower lip, I thought I saw his jaw clench. *Is he willing? Can he play?* sang the lyric voice. Amongst the people surrounding him, I recognized the woman Ebba had fangirled about earlier. Katia Spring... or was it Winter? Did he know her? *He most obviously does*, I thought as he turn to her and whisper to her ear. My heart clenched as jealousy invaded my brain but he soon looked away from the girl. He seemed to say something to a couple other people before leaving the group, heading towards the cloakroom. He was walking rapidly, seemingly agitated. Not looking back, he grabbed his coat and, within seconds, he was gone. Still caught in Ebba's tight embrace, I stared at the hallway in which he had disappeared, panting. What the hell had just happened?

I hope you enjoyed it! I noticed that some of this week's viewers were from Sweden. I am conscious that this is total cultural appropriation. If you feel misrepresented, or if my translation is bad, feel free to tell

me! I would be very glad to hear from any of you, Swedish or not!
Thank you for your time, I'll post again soon..

-Tess